

ALL IN COLOUR - MAKES LEARNING A JOY

# Once Upon a Time

EVERY WEDNESDAY

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# The ENCHANTED HORSE



1. The wicked Indian magician, who had stolen the Princess of Bengal and carried her off to the far-distant land of Cashmir, knew that he had made a mistake by landing the flying steed close to a hunting-party, led by the haughty Sultan himself.

2. "Keep quiet," he hissed to the Princess. "Say nothing to these men." And when the Sultan came near and asked who the strange travellers were, the magician said in his oily voice, "Good sir, this is my wife. We are just resting."



3. The Sultan and his party might have moved on, but for a brave cry from the Princess. "That man tells a lie!" she exclaimed. "He is an evil magician, who has taken me away from the Prince of Persia, whom I was going to marry."

4. One look into the tear-filled eyes of the sweet young Princess told the Sultan that she spoke the truth. "Take charge of that man," he told the guards. "He shall be put into prison at once." Then he helped the Princess to rise.



5. "My dear Princess, it was good fortune that brought me here to help you," went on the Sultan of Cashmir. "I beg of you to ride with me upon my horse and we shall proceed to my palace. You will never be bothered by this evil magician again. One of my guards will bring your horse."

6. The guard who was left to bring along the Enchanted Horse looked curiously at it. "Never have I seen such a steed as this—all shining black but with a white mane," he said. "It must be a horse of great value, and I shall inform my master of the fact when we reach the palace."





7. Even the Sultan agreed that there was a look of great quality about the Enchanted Horse, so he had it taken to his treasure chamber to be kept with his other things of value. "It will be safe there," he told the Princess



8. For the moment the Princess said nothing, for she was sure that the Sultan would add to his kindness by sending her back to Persia. But after a while, she began to realise that the fat, haughty ruler of Cashmir would not do this



9. Instead, the greedy Sultan had already made up his mind that the Princess would become his wife. "See, I have drawn up a marriage agreement," he told her. "You have only to sign it." "Never—never—never!" shrieked the Princess.

**Has the Prince found the Princess at last? More of this delightful tale next week.**



10. Meanwhile, Prince Firroz set out from Persia in search of his lost Princess. He reached Cashmir and pricked up his ears on hearing some merchants talking about a strange young Princess in the palace, who was ill with a screeching madness





1. **The Musk Ox.** The musk ox lives in the cold parts of North America. Its appearance is so strange and striking that once seen it is seldom forgotten. It is covered with long brown hair. It has big sad eyes.



2. **The Rocky Mountain Goat.** This goat spends almost its whole life either in climbing or edging along rock edges so narrow and so high that they would make a human being dizzy. This goat loves the cold.



Here are more of our exciting "All-sorts" pages, in which we show you different groups of things in the world. **THIS WEEK :**

## All Sorts of



5. **The Agouti.** This strange little animal, quite rabbit-like in its appearance, will always scurry away at great speed at the sight of strangers. It has no tail and usually nests in holes and under tree roots.



6. **The Porcupine.** It is a stupid animal, but to make up for its lack of brains, Nature has given it a coat of strong, needle-point quills that keep its enemies at a respectful distance.





3. **The American Bison.** Now more often called buffalo, this great animal could once be seen in its millions on the prairies of America, until it was hunted for its valuable skin. Now it is protected against hunters.



4. **The Hare, or Jack Rabbit.** At first sight it seems to be all ears, which are five to six inches long. It has long, springy legs and a slender body which help it to run fast, almost beating a greyhound for speed.

# Animals of America



7. **The Grey Rabbit.** Here is a relation of Brer Rabbit and what a cunning animal it is! Many a grey rabbit has saved itself from a pack of dogs by suddenly crouching close to the ground and letting them pile over it.



8. **The Woodchuck.** A member of the squirrel family, it is a wise animal which knows enough to live chiefly upon clover and grass and let the farmer's vegetables and grain alone. In return, the farmer leaves it alone and does not hunt the woodchuck.





# BRER RABBIT

How Brer Rabbit got Brer Wolf's carrots. By Barbara Hayes.

**N**OW, as I expect you children know, Brer Rabbit was mighty fond of carrots, mighty fond indeed.

But he wasn't mighty fond of the work that went into growing them.

So when, one summer, Brer Rabbit saw that Brer Wolf was growing some mighty fine carrots in his garden, Brer Rabbit plotted and planned to see how he could get the carrots for himself.

But getting the carrots wasn't easy.

All day long Brer Wolf sat in his garden watching his carrots grow and all night long Mr. Owl sat watching the carrots in the moonlight. He did this in return for being allowed to nest in Brer Wolf's barn.

The time came for taking the carrots to market to sell them and Brer Rabbit still hadn't had even a sniff of them, let alone a bite.

Then, one morning, Brer Wolf loaded

his carrots into a cart and set off with them to market.

He had not gone far, when who should come along the road, *lickety-clip, clippety-lick*, than Brer Rabbit.

"Howdy!" said Brer Rabbit.

"Howdy!" said Brer Wolf.

"How are your folks?" asked Brer Rabbit.

"Fair to middling, thank you. How are your folks?"

"Fair to middling, thank you."

Then when all this politeness was over, Brer Rabbit went on:

"They're mighty fine carrots you've got in the wagon, Brer Wolf."

"Mighty fine!" agreed Brer Wolf.

"What price do you think you will get for them at the market?" asked Brer Rabbit.

"Why, I should get all of a shilling a

pound," said Brer Wolf with a proud smile.

But Brer Rabbit opened his eyes wide with astonishment.

"Why, Brer Wolf, I can scarcely believe my ears!" he gasped. "How can folks be so wicked as to give you only a shilling a pound for these lovely juicy carrots. If you have only been promised a shilling a pound for them at the market, then if I were you I wouldn't go near that nasty cheating place, that I wouldn't."

Brer Wolf was amazed, because a shilling a pound was a very good price.

"Who will give me more than a shilling a pound?" he asked.

Brer Rabbit glanced from side to side and bent forward as if he were whispering a big secret.

"I know some little folk, who live deep in the woods, who will give two shillings



a pound for carrots," he said. "I sell all my carrots to them."

Brer Wolf was very interested. "Take me to the little folk at once," he said.

But Brer Rabbit pretended that he was not very keen on this idea.

"I don't know about that," he said. "These little folk are very shy. They might not like strangers going to see them."

Then Brer Rabbit pretended to have an idea.

"I know," he said. "If I blindfolded you, Brer Wolf, so that you could not see the little folk, then I'm sure they would not mind."

Brer Wolf, greedy for the two shillings a pound, said, "Blindfold me at once Brer Rabbit, and hurry up."

So Brer Rabbit did.

Then he jumped up into the driving seat of the wagon and took the horse's reins.

"You can't drive when you are blindfolded," he said to Brer Wolf. "Just leave everything to me."

So then, of course, that naughty rabbit drove the wagon round to his own house.

He waved to his little children and pointed to all the carrots, without saying a word. At once the little rabbits ran forward and started to unload the carrots.

"Can you hear the patter of the little people's feet?" Brer Rabbit called to Brer Wolf and Brer Wolf said that he could.

Then Brer Rabbit loaded a sack full of stones on the back of the wagon and told Brer Wolf that in it were all the shillings in payment for the carrots.

Then off they drove. And when they

were well away from Brer Rabbit's home, Brer Rabbit twisted the horses' reins round a hook on the wagon, jumped to the ground and yelled out:

"HELP! ROBBERS!"

Off dashed the horses and by the time Brer Wolf had the bandage from his eyes, Brer Rabbit was gone.

And when he looked into the sack of money and found that it only held stones, Brer Wolf thought that the robbers had taken the shillings.

He never did know that the little folk had been Brer Rabbit's children all the time.

So artful Brer Rabbit won again.

**There will be another Brer Rabbit story next week.**





Helping in  
the garden

# Planting Bulbs



1. It was a bright day and nearly the end of October. Jane laughed aloud as her shoes went crunch-crunch through the leaves which had changed colour and were fluttering down on to the path. "Yellow leaves," laughed Jane. "And red leaves and brown leaves and leaves of gold. I love looking at all the lovely colours and the sound of my feet shooshing them aside."



2. Her Mummy looked up as Jane came to her and asked what she was doing. "I'm planting bulbs," said Mummy. Jane looked in each bag. "They are all different shapes," she said. "Yes, they are all different kinds of flowers," said Mummy. "They don't look to me like flowers at all!" said Jane. Her Mummy smiled. "Well, just you wait until the Spring," she said.



3. Mummy went on to tell Jane that inside the bulb the leaves and flowers were waiting to grow. The little roots at the bottom would stretch into the soil and the bulb would lie in the dark earth all through the Winter, protected from the cold and waiting for the better weather of Spring.



4. Some of the bulbs had funny names and Mummy mixed them up, playing a game with Jane. Soon Jane could name them all. The daffodil bulbs were large and had papery skins, like the fat hyacinths. The tulips had smoother skins, dark and shiny brown, but the crocus bulbs were small and rather flat.





5. "Can I help you to plant them, please, Mummy?" asked Jane. Her mother showed her how deeply to plant the different bulbs and soon they were all in the soil. "Well," said Mummy, "we have been busy. We've tucked up all the bulbs for the Winter and they are warm and comfortable in their cosy bed. They will start to take in water from the soil and swell out."



6. During that Winter the weather was cold and it snowed quite heavily. Jane looked out of the window at the snow covering the garden and wondered how the bulbs were feeling, deep down in the earth. "Don't worry," said Mummy. "It may sound strange, but the snow really helps to keep the soil warm, so all our bulbs will be quite safe and snug in their beds."



7. In the Spring the crocuses were the first to flower, then the daffodils and hyacinths followed them. Jane loved the garden daffodils best as they swayed gently in the breeze. "I helped to plant you," she said, as she skipped on the green grass alongside the flower beds.



8. Later, in May, the tall and stately tulips bloomed. What lovely colours they were as they grew in the sunshine. "And all from a brown bulb," whispered Jane into the great crimson cup of a fine tulip. "I think it's so wonderful that such a thing could happen and I'm so glad I helped in the garden."





# Roman Roads

This is a Memory Test. When you have read the story, turn to page 16 and try to answer the questions about it.

**H**AVE you ever wondered why we have roads to walk and ride along? "What else is there to walk on?" you may well ask. You would be right to ask such a question, because wherever you go you see streets and roads and great motorways—but if you had lived about two thousand years ago there would have been none of these things. The way from one place to another was by a winding path, muddy in Winter and dry and dusty in Summer.

When the Romans came to Britain and conquered the country they were already very clever road-makers. In their own country they built a road called the Appian Way, which ran from Rome southward through Italy and has lasted for more than 2,000 years. They found no roads in Britain, so to move their armies and goods from place to place, they began to build roads to replace the muddy tracks, using flat-topped pieces of thick stone. These roads went from South to North, and East to West of England. The road in the South was Canterbury Way and the road going north was Watling Street.

Sometimes, when part of the Roman army was on the march, bands of Britons swooped down from either side of the road and then there would be a fierce battle. This happened a lot in the North, and, in the year 121, the Roman Emperor Hadrian decided that the tribesmen of Scotland were too troublesome, so instead of building more roads to the North he built a huge thick wall to keep the Scots out of England. This was called Hadrian's Wall and you can still see the ruins of it today.

The Romans did many wonderful things in Britain. Apart from building long straight roads, they also built cities with fine houses, which had great bathrooms and a form of underfloor central heating. It is a great pity that when the Romans left Britain, many of the fine houses were destroyed and the roads they left behind were not kept in a state of good repair. No new ones were built for many years and we call this period in the history of Britain the Dark Ages.









# Good King and Bad King

ONCE upon time, in South America, there lived a Good King and a Bad King. Their Kingdoms were next door to each other and both the Kings were very rich, for they owned large pieces of land with thousands of sheep and cows.

The Bad King treated his people cruelly, whipping them often and taking away their money in taxes so that they starved. But the Good King treated his people kindly, always looking after them to make sure they were well-clothed and fed.

One day, when they met at the border of the two Kingdoms, the Bad King asked the Good King why he did not whip and starve his people.

"Why should I do that?" Good King said. "My people work harder in the fields than yours."

"Nonsense," said Bad King. "My people work harder because they are afraid of my whip. I am right and you are wrong in the way we treat our people. In fact, I will bet my Kingdom against yours that I am right."

"Very well," said Good King. "We will go down the road together and ask the first three persons we meet which one of us is right."

So they strode on and first of all they met a young child.

"Which of us do you like best?" asked the Good King, pointing to himself and the Bad King.

The child looked at them both, then touched the Bad King on the arm. "This is the one I like best," he replied. "He is the sort of King we want."

On strode the two Kings, with Bad King smiling a little. The next person they met was a pretty shepherdess.

"Young lady, we would like you to settle an argument between us," Good King said. "I treat my people kindly, but my neighbour King whips and starves his people into doing their work. Which one of us is right?"

"He is, of course," the shepherdess said, pointing to the Bad King.

The next person they came upon was an old woman on the back of a







donkey. They asked the same question, and for the third time got the same reply.

"You see," said Bad King to Good King, "I have won the bet and now all your Kingdom belongs to me."

"Yes, that is so," Good King said with a sad sigh. "Everything that I own is now yours, but I shall go away and find myself a Kingdom ten times as rich as the one I have handed over to you."

"You will never do that as long as you live, my friend," chuckled Bad King.

"We shall see about that," said Good King. "I have a feeling that those who do good in this World are more likely to succeed than those who do bad."

"Not in my case," laughed Bad King. "I have just succeeded in taking your whole Kingdom from you."

It was not the loss of his Kingdom that worried Good King. He knew that Bad King would be a cruel ruler, as he was in his own Kingdom, and Good King felt sad at the thought that his own people would be badly treated and forced to work as slaves under the whip of Bad King.

Good King walked away down the road and as night fell, he came to a large cave in a mountainside.

"At least I can rest here for the night," he said, going inside. But as soon as he stepped into the gloomy cave, he felt a chill wind blowing in from the entrance behind him and a noise like the howling of a hundred wolves. He just had time to scramble up on to a high ledge at the back of the cave, when in trooped a horde of evil spirits.

They were laughing and cackling among themselves, boasting of the wicked things they had done. Then one of them, an old witch, called for silence.

"The wickedest thing today has been done by ME!" she croaked. "By changing myself into a child, a shepherdess and an old woman, I gave the same answer three times to Good King and Bad King. As a result, Good King has lost his whole Kingdom."

"Very good, but I have done better than that," cackled an evil spirit with a head of an eagle. "I have been to the distant big Kingdom beyond the mountains. There I put an evil spell upon the King's daughter, causing her to become ill with a terrible fever. She can only be cured if the first rays of the morning sun shine through a gold ring on top of the temple and strike directly on her forehead. But, of course," the evil spirit added, "nobody will ever think of that!"

"No—never!" said the others, shrieking with laughter. "Now let us sleep and in the morning we will be fresh to set out to work more of our wicked spells."

All the evil spirits were so happy that they fell at once into a contented sleep so deep that none of them noticed Good King as he tip-toed out of the cave.

He hurried as fast as he could to the Kingdom beyond the mountains, where the Princess lay ill with a terrible fever. Quickly he explained to the King that he could cure his daughter and the King said, "If you will make my daughter well again, I promise that she can marry you and as a wedding present I will give you my Kingdom. She is very dear to me indeed."

"Then please have her brought out here and let her stand on this side of the temple with the mountain beyond it," said Good King.

He could see already the first rosy

tinge of light from the rising sun. The red rays crept high over the mountain and then shone through the gold ring of the temple, straight on to the forehead of the Princess.

She was cured as if by magic!

So Good King gained for himself a lovely Queen and a Kingdom, which was worth ten times as much as his old one.

Overjoyed at his good fortune, he could not resist going back to Bad King to tell him about it.

"It was because I went to the cave of the evil spirits and listened to their talk," explained Good King. "Thank you very much, for it was your doing that caused me to go there."

At this, Bad King was furious. Feeling that he had been cheated, he set off that same night for the cave and hid himself on the ledge as Good King had done.

Soon afterwards, the evil spirits came in, but none of them looked joyful. "I confess that my evil spell of yesterday has failed," moaned the spirit with the eagle's head. "The Princess has been cured."

"We must search the cave," croaked the witch. "No man would have known the cure unless he had been hiding here, listening to us."

"Search the cave!" shrieked the others.

They soon found Bad King crouching on the ledge of rock and then they breathed on him with their hot breath until he shrivelled up and grew smaller and smaller, until in the end there was nothing left of Bad King at all.

As for Good King, he was then able to rule over no less than three Kingdoms, and with the help of his lovely Queen he made all the people happy.





## Beautiful Paintings

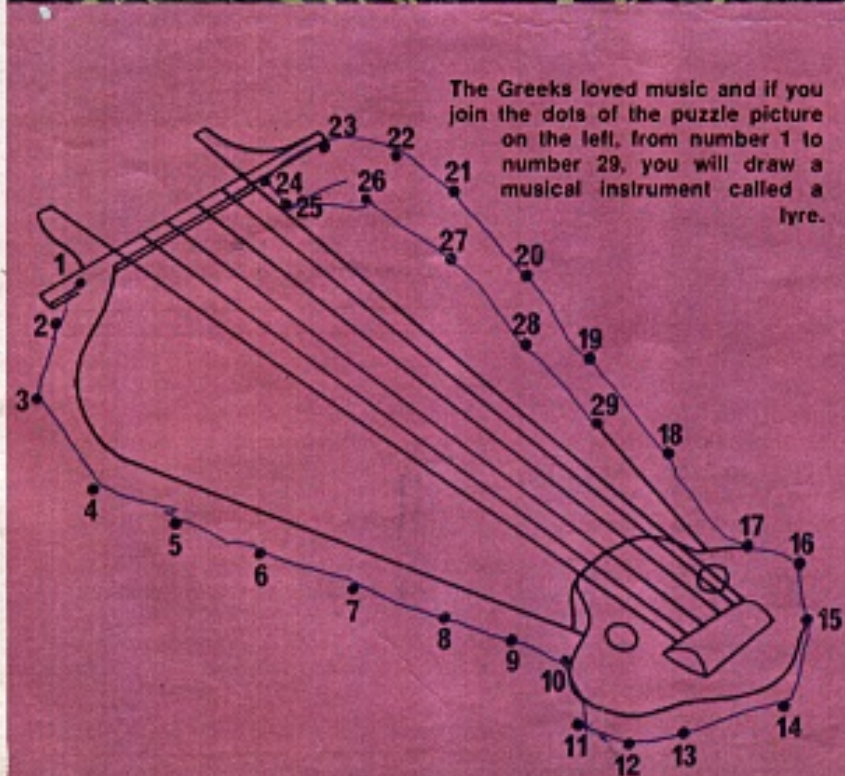
Wild ponies always look attractive, whether in their natural surroundings or in paintings. There are several kinds in Great Britain—Exmoor ponies, New Forest ponies, Highland ponies, Dartmoor ponies and Welsh ponies are some of them. Do you know or can you guess what kind of wild ponies are shown in this beautiful picture? They are actually Welsh ponies, hardy and sure-footed animals, which manage to live very well on the tough grass of the hill slopes of Wales. If ever you are lucky enough to spend a horse-riding holiday, which is called pony-trekking, you will very likely ride one of these brave ponies, which can climb winding paths up steep slopes and never seem to tire. The grey pony in the picture looks very proud, don't you think?

*(Printed from a reproduction distributed by Felix Rosenfeld's Widow and Son)*

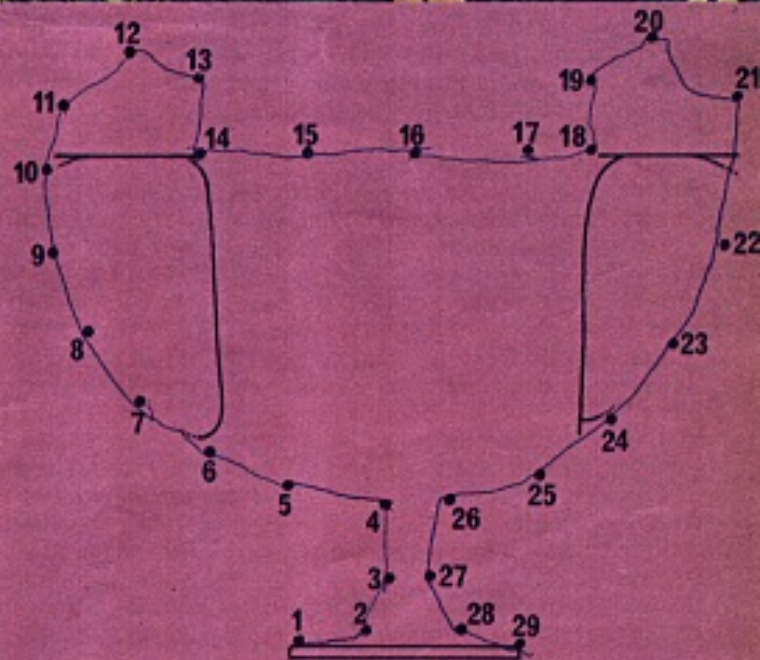


# Lady of ancient Greece

Here is a lady of Ancient Greece, dressed as she would be at the time when Greece was the most important country in the Mediterranean Sea. We call those days of long ago the Golden Days of Greece and we can still see some of the lovely buildings today, to remind us of them. Greece was a land of beautiful things and you can see in the picture a splendid Greek vase, many of which are now in the museums of the world.



The Greeks loved music and if you join the dots of the puzzle picture on the left, from number 1 to number 29, you will draw a musical instrument called a lyre.



Join the dots again from number 1 to number 29 and you will draw a Greek cup.





# The Town Mouse and the Country Mouse

This week the mouse from the balloon tells his story. By Barbara Hayes.

**W**ELL, children, if you read the story last week, you will know that a large balloon with a mouse in a basket underneath landed in Winifred's back garden.

At first, Winifred and her boy-friend, Bertie, felt rather scared at the sight of the big balloon coming down so silently and mysteriously, but when the balloon-mouse got out and Winifred saw that he was tired and worn out, she just felt sorry for him and made him sit in the sun, while she made him a nice cup of tea.

Of course, Bertie and Winifred were not the only people who had seen the balloon coming down and soon there were quite a few of the village folk gathered in Winifred's garden, looking at the balloon and watching the stranger mouse as he gratefully sipped the hot tea Winifred had given him.

Bertie even had to speak sharply to Mr. Badger, the postman, who was so intent on walking all round the big balloon that he did not notice that he was trampling all over Winifred's marigolds.

"Just because folk are dropping down from the skies, there's no reason to be careless about where you are putting your big flat feet," said Bertie. And Mr. Badger said he was sorry.

But by this time the hot tea had done its job of warming up the stranger mouse. He jumped up from his chair.

"Please, I don't want to cause any trouble," he said, "especially to you, beautiful and kind lady."

And he bowed over Winifred's hand and kissed it.

Winifred was thrilled. No one had ever kissed her hand before—not even on her birthday.

"First I must let the gas out of my balloon, so that it does not blow away," said the stranger mouse, "then I will tell you how I got here."

So with the help of the village folk, the balloon was flattened out and folded up

and then the stranger mouse said:

"My name is Paul Souris, and I am a French mouse from Paris. Going up in these huge balloons is the latest craze in France, especially at parties and fairs.

"Well, yesterday, I went up in a balloon at a party in Paris, but the rope, which was supposed to stop me from blowing away too far, broke and I have been drifting in the balloon ever since. I blew north across France, then across the sea to England, until finally this morning I was lucky enough to land in the garden of the charming Miss Winifred."

Winifred blushed. No one had been so nice to her since . . . well no one had ever been so nice to her.

She looked at Paul Souris admiringly. "What a thrilling story!" she gasped. "How brave you are. Do let me get you another cup of tea and some of my home-made chocolate cake."

Boy-friend Bertie felt very jealous. He was only offered chocolate cake in the afternoons, never in the mornings, like this—and usually only on Sunday afternoons at that.

Bertie bustled forward.

"Oh yes. All very interesting I'm sure," he said, "but now I expect you want to get back to France as quickly as you can, don't you, er—Mr.—What's your name. If you like to nip up on the back of my bicycle, I'll run you down to the railway station at once and you can be on your way back to Paris."

But Mr. Paul Souris did not nip up on the back of Bertie's bicycle.

"I should like to see a little of England now I am here," he smiled. "I will stay for a while."

Winifred was pleased.

"Yes, please do!" she said. "I have a very smart town mouse cousin. I know she would love to meet you."

And Winifred thought "I will invite Stephanie down so that she can see how polite this French mouse is to me. He thinks I am smart even if Stephanie doesn't."

**Next week you will learn what happens when the Town Mouse comes down to meet the balloon-mouse.**

## JOLLY RIDDLES

1. What never asks questions yet needs many answers?
2. Why is a lost tooth like something you have forgotten?
3. Why did the boy throw the clock out of the window?
4. What is a chicken after it's four days old?
5. What kind of boot cannot be worn on your foot?

## ANSWERS:

1. A doorbell. 2. Because it has gone out of your head. 3. He wanted to make time fly. 4. Five days old. 5. The boot of a car.

Here are the questions from the story "Roman Roads" on pages 10 and 11. See how many of them you can answer before you turn back to the story and check how good your memory is.

1. What was the name of the famous Roman road built in Italy 2,000 years ago?
2. Can you remember one of the names of the roads built by the Romans in Britain? Better still, can you remember both names?
3. In what year did Emperor Hadrian decide to build a wall between Scotland and England?
4. When the Romans left, what did we call the period that followed?

Hello Boys and Girls,

I hope you manage to get most of the Memory Test questions on this page right, for it will prove how carefully you read a story. In the days when the Romans were building their fine roads in Britain, there was not the same danger from fast-moving traffic—only from warlike tribesmen. You will not have to worry about them these days, but, please, always remember the danger of traffic.

Your friend, The Editor.







# JACK AND THE BEANSTALK



1. In the wicked giant's house at the top of the beanstalk Jack seized the sleeping giant's harp. It was a wonderful harp, for it was made of gold and could sing. But as Jack ran away the harp called out: "Master! Master!" At once the giant awoke and saw Jack.



2. With a great bellow of rage the giant jumped up and chased after Jack. "Come here, boy!" he roared. "Bring back my golden harp." But Jack, of course, did nothing of the sort. He dashed from the house and fairly flew along the road that led to the beanstalk.



3. Jack could feel the ground shaking from the pounding of the giant's feet, but then he reached the beanstalk and began to clamber down it as nimbly as a monkey.



4. A moment later the giant arrived at the beanstalk, not sure whether it would bear his weight. Then he heard the harp call once again: "Master! Master!" So he, too, began to climb down.





5. But Jack had a good start and by this time he was nearly at the foot of the beanstalk where it grew in the garden of his home. "Mother! Mother!" he called out. "Bring me an axe!" And his mother, who feared she would not see him again, rushed to do so.



6. When Jack's mother saw the giant's legs coming down through the clouds she was too frightened to move. But Jack took the axe and chopped at the beanstalk with all his might, cutting it almost in two. The giant felt the beanstalk quiver, and then topple over.



7. Down tumbled the giant, down, down through the air. Then came a terrible thump that was heard for miles around as he landed in Jack's garden, never to rise again.



8. With the golden harp and the golden eggs which the giant's hen laid every day, Jack became rich. He married a princess and lived happily ever after. (Next week: Sinbad the Sailor.)



# FAMOUS NAMES

Interesting facts about people, places and things in our world.



1. **Cactus Plants.** There are many kinds, some as small as your thumb, others as tall as a house. They grow wild in dry, hot places. There is one cactus which grows a flower every seven years—and it lasts for one night only.



2. **Henry Ford.** When motor cars were first invented, only the richest people could afford to buy them, until Henry Ford built a factory in America, which made lots of cars so cheaply that they could be bought by most families.



3. **Magellan.** We all know that the World is round, like a ball, but once upon a time most people thought it was flat, like a table—until a sailor named Ferdinand Magellan set out on a voyage which took his ship right round the World.



4. **Hans Andersen.** Hans Andersen lived in the lovely city of Copenhagen, in Denmark, and was dearly loved by all the children because of the wonderful stories he told. "The Ugly Duckling" was one of his stories, which are now famous.